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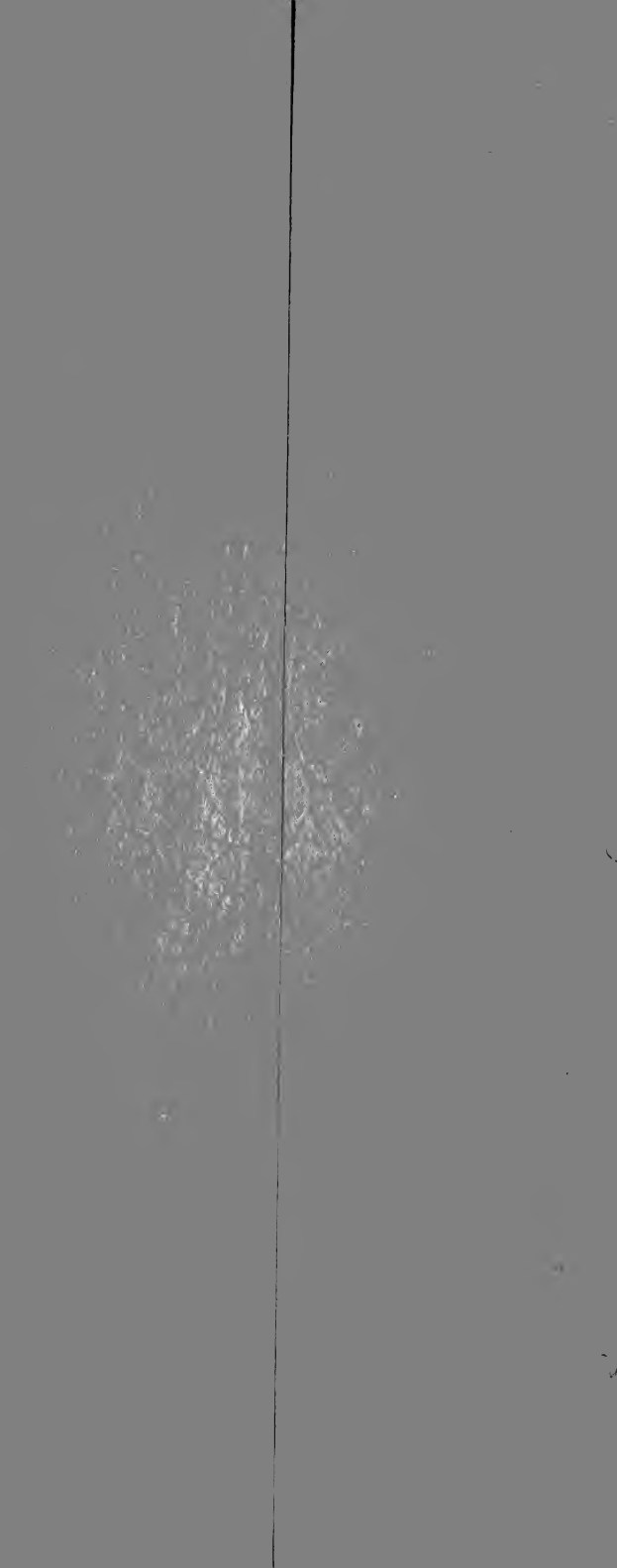
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HAWAII FAIR



R.H.D.



Hawai'i Fair, and Other Verses...



BY Philip Henry Dodge.



Honolulu, H. I.

1899

PS 1545

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August 11, 1899.



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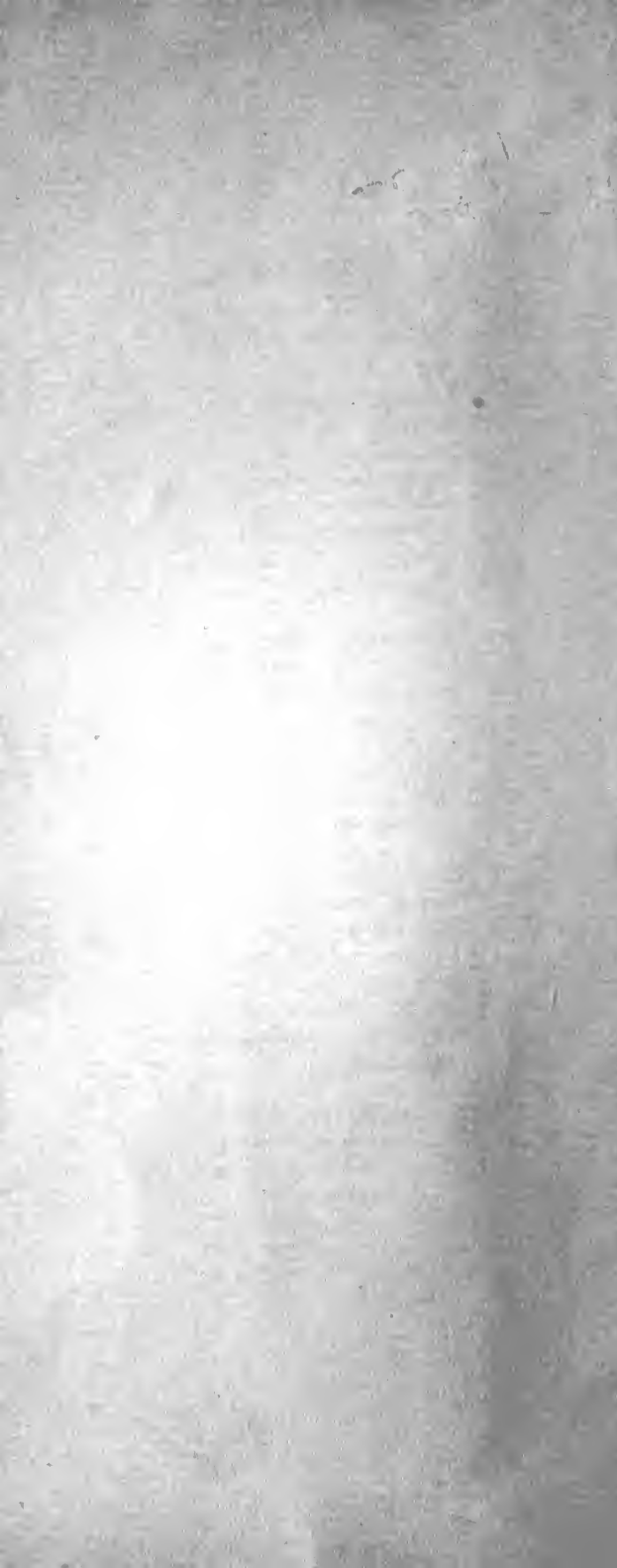


E. W. F. J. 21-11
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To the gentle race which has given, and to
all who have learned to love the word

ALOHA



Hawai'i Fair.

TUNE, HAWAII PONOI.

Land of the summer sea,
Hawaii Ponoï,
Full may thy blessings be,
 This is our prayer.
Isles of the ocean crest,
Rainbow and cloud caressed,
Peace in thy dwellings rest,
 Hawaii fair.

Land of the lava's flow,
Lit by the crater-glow,
Steeps where the waters blow,
 Misty in air ;
Craggs of the starry height,
Plains in their golden light,
These are thy visions bright,
 Hawaii fair.

Land of the cane and palm,
Breathe to mankind a balm,
Make life a joyful psalm,
 All men may share.
Rich in thy fruit and vine,
Crownéd with love divine,
Bright may thy mercies shine,
 Hawaii fair.

Land of the trustful heart,
Heir to all good thou art,
Choose thou the noble part,
 Life's riches rare.
To thy full joys awake,
Let the glad anthem break,
Through all the ages make
 Hawaii fair.

Sleep Sweetly, Hawaii.

On the heaving of the ocean,
Like a loving mother's breast,
Lie the islands of Hawaii,
As an infant in its rest.

Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, so fearless and free,
Fair daughter of ocean, the child of the sea.

Fond the mother's arms are clasping,
With caresses soft and light,
In the foaming of the surf-beat
On the shores by day and night.

Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, each silvery tide
But draws thy fond mother more close to thy side.

Where the light cascades are falling
To the ocean from the steep,
These are gentle baby fingers
Which within the mother's creep.

Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, so tenderly blest ;
As lovingly brooded as bird in its nest.

Soft the baby eyes are hidden,
In the sunshine and the calm,
'Mid the radiance of the mountains,
Fringed with fragrant fern and palm.

Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, the stars in the sky
Are joined in the tune of thy kind lullaby.

Robes of verdure, closely clinging
Round thy form in tender grace,
Weave the beauty of thy garments,
Cloth of gold and leafy lace.

Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, each cloud as it flies
But brings thee a message of love from the skies.

Hushed amid the tender silence,
Still thy heart is beating low,
In the fiery, livid pulsing
Of the lurid crater's glow.

Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, the murmur of waves
Is echo of music from coral formed caves.

Calmly rest, with sunbeams smiling
O'er the dimples of thy face,
Clasped amid the loving waters
Of thy mother's fond embrace.

Sleep sweetly, Hawaii, so trustful and strong ;
All nature is singing thy glad cradle song.

The First Aloha.

When Hawaii lay an infant
In its ocean mother's care,
All the family of nature
Longed that mother-love to share.

With those sea foam arms around it
And the rainbow eyes above,
Lay the ocean born Hawaii,
Nursed in tenderness and love.

Kindly nature watched and waited,
At the night fall, through the day,
As it sought a first faint whisper,
Or some word the child might say.

Hark ! the mother caught its murmur,
Wrapt it in her sweet sea tone,
Passed " Aloha " to the breezes,
Echoed it from zone to zone.

Never shone the sun more brightly,
Ne'er more sweet the fall of rain
As the sounds of glad creation
Blended in one word again.

Come ye to Hawaii's cradle,
Learning there the meaning sweet ;
Hear the kind Aloha whispered,—
With it one another greet.

Still those echoes brood above it,
O'er the mountain top and palm,
As they yield to ev'ry nation
Thoughts of joy, and peace and calm.

How it stirs the heart in home-land,
How it draws from distant scenes !
All the blessing one can wish thee,
That is what Aloha means.

What Aloha Means.

You ask me to say what Aloha may mean,
The word that sounds sweet and so strange to your
ear?

Then hark while I tell of a quaint little scene;
Find love as its meaning, the tale as you hear.

At first of the war when the transports went through,
All to be kind to the soldiers were vying;
There sat in a tram car two Boys of the Blue:
An aged Hawaiian their features kept eying.

All wrapt in attention, some impulse not fickle
Was moving the heart of the woman so true;
She felt in her pocket and each one a nickel
She passed to the strangers, the two boys in blue.

The soldier lads yielded with mild protestation,
And one to the woman was heard to aver
That ne'er should he spend that kindly donation,
But treasure, for dear Honolulu and her.

Promptings of sympathy one for another
Enkindled the phrasings kind thoughts to convey;
Chiefly among them the dear name of mother;
And will she e'er hear of it, so far away!

How sweet was the smile that lovingly lingered
And shone in the eyes and the features so brown?
Again were the folds of her holoku fingered
Till found was the pocket, and from it far down

A silver half dollar. The soldiers indulgent
Their thanks at the gift were repeating therefor,—
While over it all seemed a halo effulgent:
This peaceful Hawaiian,— these sons of the war!

DEDICATORY HYMN
Central Union Church.

December, 1892.

My house shall be called the house of prayer. Matt. 21:13.

From out their rocky fastness,
Where fires of old have played,
Are moulded into beauty
The stones by nature laid,
And fitted for a temple,
With consecrated care,
Arrayed in grace and beauty,
Well named a house of prayer.

In valley and on mountain
The trees have bended low,
And yielded each their portion
Of off'rings to bestow.
From toilsome depths of mining,
To boughs that waved in air,
A tribute has been rendered
To frame this house of prayer.

From many lands and nations
A people joined as one
Sustain a sweet communion
In fellowship begun—
In deeds of love and kindness
The way of heaven prepare,
Where truth and love are blended
Within this house of prayer.

Like gifts of nature gathered
For temple built with hands,
Like all these souls assembled
From far and distant lands,
Thus, Lord, our hearts' affections
Inspire, and bid them share
In forming thy true temple,
Each soul a house of prayer.

For ye are the temple of the living God. 2 Cor. 6:16.

Deeds of Aloha.

'Twas in heat of the day ; I know not the hour,
For the clock had stopped on Kawaiahao tower.

The ships after sailing for many a day
Had anchored at last at the tropical town ;
The soldier lads, bound for a port far away,
Were walking as strangers the streets up and down.

The quiet and peace seemed a haven divine.
With warfare before them and homes far away,
How restful the sight of the palm and of vine !
Yet one thing was lacking, for strangers were they.

Some children, Hawaiians, with chatter and hum,
Had gathered fresh flowers which they made into *leis*;
As one of them cried, "There they are, here they come!"
They ran for their garlands and little bouquets.

To sight of the soldiers, a joy, a surprise ;
The gifts of the children they gratefully wore.
With flowers in their hands and new light in their eyes,
The best of it all, they were strangers no more.

Is it all unrecorded, the deed and the hour,
Though the clock had stopped on Kawaiahao tower ?

The Flags of Hawaii.

THE OLD

AIR : HOME SWEET HOME.

From joys of our youth that are dear to the heart,
Our growth into manhood compels us to part.
Though fondly we linger and wish them to stay,
The days of our childhood are soon passed away.

Farewell, each cherished day,
The youth of our nation is passing away.

Dear flag of Hawaii, the loved and the old,
Our fondest remembrance need never grow cold.
We only see o'er thee in manhood's new hour,
To guard and protect thee, a banner of power.

Farewell to childhood's hour,
We stand on the threshold of manhood and power.

We yield but to love thee, the flag of the state,
All safe from the turmoil of seizure and hate.
The stars of the Union more honored will be,
Old flag of Hawaii, by floating near thee.

Ever our loyalty,
Fair flags of Hawaii, unchanging will be.

The Flags of Hawai'i.

THE NEW

AIR : STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh ! say, have you heard of the isles of the West
Where the palm and the cane in their fulness are grow-
ing?

Where the ocean waves break in the coral-tide crest,
And the mountains of beauty in sunlight are glowing?
Here the leaves of the vine with the fruits intertwine
And the beams of good-will o'er humanity shine.

Oh ! star spangled banner thy help in times past
Has given the promise of blessings that last.

Oh ! what shall protect all the sons of the soil
And guard from the hand of destructive invasions?
Oh ! what shall secure us the fruits of our toil
And give us a place in the strength of the nations?
Ye stars that shine bright in the faraway height,
We trust in the Lord who will guide us aright.

So star spangled banner thy mission will be
To guard and protect these fair isles of the sea.

From the isles of the sea and the continents' strand,
From heart of the hills and the bounds of the ocean,
There rises a chorus of harmony grand,
A chorus of loyalty, union, devotion.
To the song of our choice, winds and waves lend your
voice

And roll round the earth as the ages rejoice.

Then star spangled banner thy glory shall be,
Mankind from its errors and dangers to free.

Honolii.

1894

On banks of Honolii,
Where the waters reach the sea,
You may hear the gentle dash
In a lazy, foaming splash,
Of the waves that greet the waters flowing free.

And the stream whose water beats
O'er the blackened rocks repeats,
Past the sharp and leafy turn
Of the greenery and fern
Happy murmurs as the ocean tide it meets.

On the margin of the shore
Where the ferry crossed of yore,
In a cottage mid the green
Still the boatman may be seen,
Bu the days of the old ferry are no more.

As the boatman's work is done,
And the stream its course has run,
You will find them side by side
On the borders of the tide,
At the rising and the setting of the sun.

When from labors I am free
And is reached the open sea,
When the winding way is past
And the tide is gained at last,
I would be as full of peace as Honolii.

Kaiulani.

Heard ye those winds which sighed and swept
From sea to sea, while rain-tides wept?
Though storms fling on and tempest leaps,—
Dark midnight past,—the Princess sleeps!

Saw ye that place,—the gentle tread,
Kahilis bending, fragrance shed?
Mid all the throng which bows and weeps,
In robes of white the Princess sleeps!

Know ye the crown—no goldsmith arts,
But forged from out a thousand hearts
For her who midst the change of State
Was gracious, triumphing o'er fate?
For such the world in homage keeps
A crown, although the Princess sleeps.


STATE SONG OF
The Christian Endeavor Society.

TUNE: HAWAII PONOI.

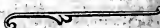
Hawaii's land is fair,
Rich are the gifts we share.
This is our earnest prayer
 O Lord of Light,
That as a noble band
We may join heart and hand
Till all Hawaii's land
 Stands for the right.

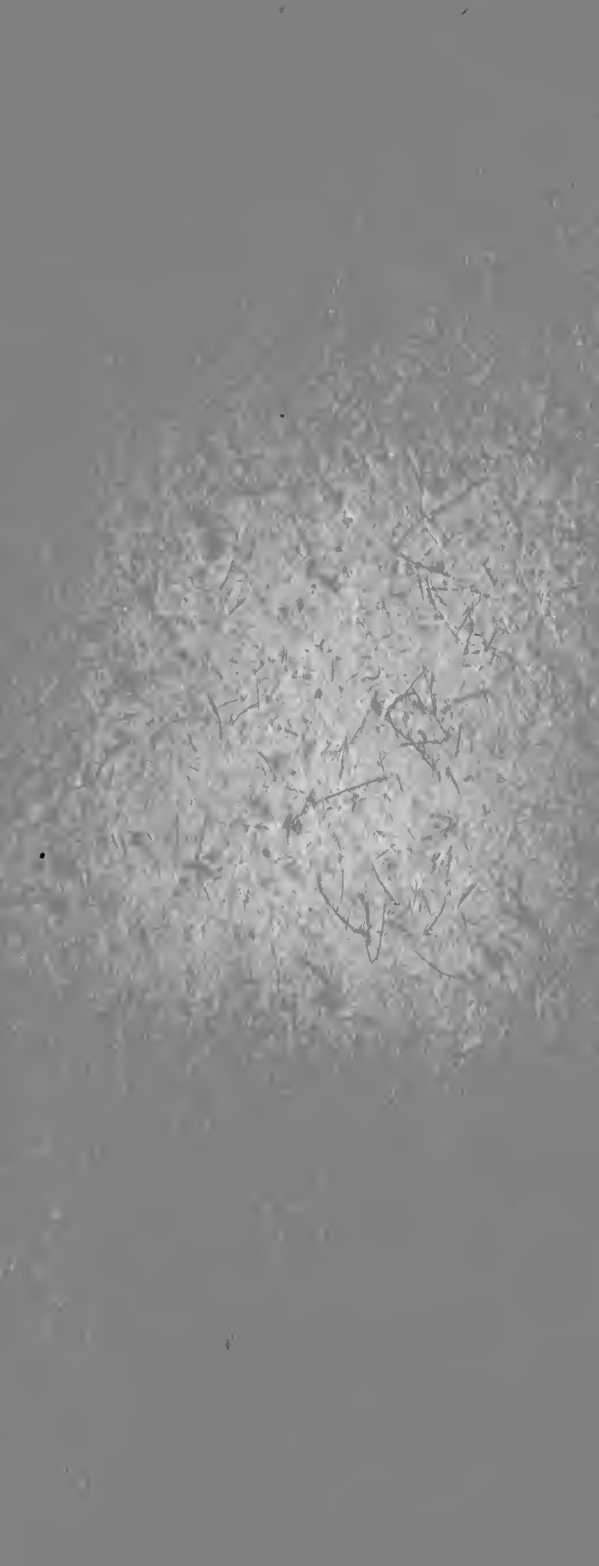
Though all our days be bright
What is our earthly might?
There is no other light
 Like that above.
Lord of the isles and sea,
Grant us the victory
That every heart may be
 Strong in thy love.

Joyously let us sing,
Loud may the echoes ring,
Homeland and everything
 For Christ we claim.
In God is our success,
Lord all thy people bless,
Clothe us with righteousness
 Worthy thy name.



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